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Bard

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Telling stories everyone's asleep
is politics. Waking
in serpentland to hear these dreams
that pass with us for action.
Deed after desire it sleeps.
Stockade. A stiff
climb into a cloud rock. Snow no.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

A chair for a counselor
a chain. For one another
with good noises cheers—

“Of course I’m not just saying that to make you feel better, you only get in touch
with me when you’re depressed”

now have to write a whole dumb play
to fit that in it.

Too much religion. Not enough money.

1 March 2008

ODE FOR SAINT DAVID'S DAY

Moss on a rock by the sea
and yellow lichen up the shore.
To know the names of even
the least of things
is the business of a king.

A king should be naught
but a book with a sword,
a cock with a clarion,
a name you can't forget
even when you're fast asleep.

Remember me, you cry,
and he comes back as a bishop,
comes back as a beast, children
are dancing in the air,
their feet can't reach the street

it is the month the colors
start to come back home
but still the only green to see's
in your lady's eyes
as she wakes and looks about her

almost willing to forgive the snow.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

But who is that
waving at us from the sun
so glad, like a plane
in a war movie
limping home
to one more island?

Who is that
waving from the merest word
with a real hand
you almost feel
but never,

and who is never?

1 March 2008

= = = = =

Something you never said before—
I want what everybody wants
a candle burning under water.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

CROSSOVER NETWORK

I is a descendant
of a thousand me's.

All of them end
begin in me.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

The ring is not round.
The blue
has another color on its mind.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

Name the day
it goes away

Name the light
comes night

What I swallowed
follows me

speaking
squeaking

the tortured people
that we eat.

Breakfast
a terrible disease.

Fatal.
Try not to tell.

2 March 2008

= = = = =

Contractual remorse. The sighting
as of a blue hour. Or a string
overturn, as of a dumpster
skyward hoicked and the gods
up there delighting in our waste.
Excess! Excess is art! No,
Ruskin counters from the permanent
purgatory where we are trained to live,
Art is excess! It is glad, he sobbed, glad.

2 March 2008
Amtrak

ETYMOLOGIES

Eiders. And a bald eagle
swooping low over the North River.
Named for where it leads,
like the Boston Post Road
or the thing called *man*, an animal
on its way to *mind*.

2 March 2008
Amtrak

= = = = =

Is it a disgrace
to write a beautiful poem
with a lousy ballpoint pen?
Maybe not. Or maybe
I've grown used to sacrilege
kissing as I do your
wondermouth with these dry lips.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

RIVERDALE

Enlist in this.
Cliffs there. No snow here.

While I was reading
we crossed some line.
Goodbye winter.
Carolina Wren.

Quick cars
Sunday rare
catch sun over there
along the Palisades.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

GWB

Dear Rebecca I see the Bridge
I think of you. The train pauses
entering my home town
to give me a good look
at what I lost. You too.
Pale sky that once was blue
I quote from some song
that is not written yet.
Maybe you'll be the one
to get it done, sing it,
Surrey early April rain.
The intercity express
waits for the commuter
local. Courtesy,
rules of the road. A red nun
in midchannel. Red right return.
Our home is everywhere. Is gone.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

= = = = =

Leafless underbrush
glistens is not wet.
What are we doing
against idleness?
The train creeps ahead.
A carnation in
no one's buttonhole.
The old days fold back
like a lapel, still fresh
inside the crease.
Like dreams, not
nightmares not sweet
dreams. Just yours.
Look at yourself
some time. You are
everything you lost.

2 March 2008
Amtrak

= = = = =

Last light mauve and a star
in it a bridge
beneath it. A zee.
I suppose it means a lake
in the river a light in the sky.

Little tunes no one whistles.
Lovely people of another time
so much is gone we
can hardly see what's left.
What we call now is pure congestion.

2 March 2008,
Amtrak

Talking to the star.

The god you guess
is worth the little candle. Ruby,
There is a church you carry with you—

this is not clever, it is granite
or that mica schist Manhattan's made on
we saw glitter in the railroad cutting
yesterday no rain. Sparkle. It bears its light
in the place they use to call 'within'—
we've lost the word and the place it meant,
we don't go there anymore,

there is a rock
things stand on
and the rock stands on the sky.

Because what we call 'standing' is a nervous walk.
Lesson 9: Vocabulary. Honey. Asbestos.
Pilgrim wheat. Metamorphic rock. Impatience
is a flower. Exercise 3: Tell your mother
she has kept you waiting too long. The little
boy is sick. (Remember, there is only one gender.)
The church is tall. The people listen to someone.
The stone weeps. The railroad station
is closed for the night but the train stops.
Waits a few minutes. Nothing happens. Goes.

3 March 2008

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But I was trying to reach you
why don't you listen
write it on the tablecloth
what does the busboy care
write it in pencil I'll call you tomorrow
on the lawn of the country place
wild turkeys hobble on old snow
you never answer
you just want me to keep calling
to show that I care I care
plenty but there's room in the sky
for all kinds of birds
that's the point isn't it
you don't have much to say to me
old routines rehearsed anew
love affairs are mostly shtick
you're not even trying to listen.

4 March 2008

DELPHIKA

It was from before.
It was from because.
It serenade. Or surd.
Redflower's window.
Each to leap cliff
under it runs fast
Pactolus fetch home
golden sand.

Slim
shadow cast.
And you were Lydia.
Time passed, the sludge
of music, empire
impacted in cloaca,
a city stifles
itself in the mirror,
mother. The andante
eventually ends. East
of Providence west
of the sea there is
a little Chinese vase
that waits for me
full of moonbeam sperm
everything rains down.
Peace, peace under
Herne's Oak midnight
be there instead of me
call out any name
you please, minuet.
If just one whole
day I could be quiet
it would suddenly speak.

4 March 2008

= = = = =

Once they made music to dance to
or pray with.
Once they made music to march to
or make love to.
Now they make music to write about.
O so brief that little patch of time's
skin (maybe 1770 to 1930)
when music was to listen.

4.III.08

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Call it sturdy rain or rather
the other side of rain which is
whatever you tell me

an angel fits inside an ear
All night heavy rain into our snow
and snow not changed at morning

no, brittle causes, flabby effects,
the minister for weariness
gives a press conference every evening:

I am the newspaper. I am obsolete.

5 March 2008